

Cursed

by Celtic Spirit

How does one free themselves from pain when we're invisible to everyone around us?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Many years ago attached to a life so small

A curse was cast swift & strong,

It was the greatest curse of them all

The ability to hurt & cry without end.

The cursed girl had just born

And was unaware of such action.

Her faith had no hope of joy,

She could not yet see the damnation

She grew strong & quietly.

No one saw the tears she shed,

No one heard the screams she yelled,

Those of a child learning silently.

With each old friend going away,

With each new friend failing to arrive,

She began too see her way.

To see the destiny meant for her.

Every word she spoke was silent,

Every smile was unseen,
Every scream unheard,
Every tear invisible.
Her soul wasted in loneliness,
Shredded apart by pain.
Her heart ached in sorrow,
Closed for good in shame.
20 years have passed,
Every night she still
Cries, aches, screams, hurts & hopes...
"One day the curse will be mine to kill."